

# Organization

The order in which you present your information in your writing.

Things to think about when evaluating in this category:

- Does my intro hook and prepare my reader?
- Is my writing easy to follow?
- Have I grouped relevant information together?
- Did I choose the best way to organize my information?
- Do my ideas link back to the main idea? Have I shown the connection between them?
- Have I used appropriate evidence that supports my arguments?
- Do I have a strong conclusion that wraps up my writing?

# Tools to help with Organization:

- Graphic Organizers
  - organizing and linking your ideas
- Outlines
  - setting up your paper with the ideas put in the order you want to present them.
- Thesis statements
  - the overall message of your paper.
- Introduction Paragraph
  - introduces your topic and main arguments.
- Conclusion Paragraph
  - restate your thesis (reworded) and sum up your arguments.

# Poor Organization

Hello, my name is Jenny. I'm 16 years old. I have two sisters, one-sister-in-law, one brother, and one brother-in-law. Out of all of them I'm the youngest. I hate being the youngest, sometimes. But sometimes its really good to be the youngest. One of the bad things about it is that my sister Melanie blames me for everything. But my other sister Janine is nice to me. I watch her baby all the time for her and in return she buys me things. She is married to Roger my brother-in-law. My brother Tim lives in Las Vegas. He is really nice but I miss him a lot. I get to visit him every summer, its fun. My sister-in-law Susan is married to him. She can be nice but also she can be very mean to me.

Well as you can see I have a big family. When you have a big family there are a lot of secrets around. Being the youngest they don't share them with me. Thats good. If I wasn't the youngest then I would know them. Then I would have to deal with there problems. So I'm glad I don't and I'm glad I'm the youngest. Sometimes.

# Better Organization

I remember the first time I learned how to rollerskate. My stepdad had just bought me some new shiny rollerskates. They were bright pink with pink wheels and they said "Barbie" across the side of them. There were six wheels with one in front and one in back which my mommy called "The Stopper." We had just moved into this house when I got them. The block we lived on was bumpy and rugged. It had to be about one-hundred years old. It also had a enormous hill. It went up, then down and we lived right on top of it.

The first thing I did after we had purchased the rollerskates was go home and slip them over my socks. Then my mom told me to put on my "Barbie" helmet and pads so I will be safe. Next my mom carried me outside and up the hill. She told me she would help me down but I told her that I wanted to do it by myself. So she let me go and told me to bend my knees and stay in control. Off I went. I started out slow, sluglike, but then as I rolled to the bend of the hill, I started going faster. Scared of course, I was going faster and faster, the wheels clicking because they're new, my knee's pinned together like two magnets running into each other, my arm spread wide open balancing like a baby bird learning to fly and a smile the size of a slice of watermelon.

As I rolled down the hill almost to the bottom, a ROCK lying in the middle of the pavement tripped me. I stubbled over the rock and flew down the pavement. Of course I started to cry, whimpering with a puppy's first look on my face. I was crying not for the fact that I was hurt, but simply of the embaressment and the fact that I fell skating. My mom came running, making sure I wasn't hurt, lifted me on my feet and told me everything was going to be okay. Just like she always does, lifts me up when I fall and tells me everything is going to be okay.